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LITERATURE *for* LITTLE PEOPLE

***RIMES***  
***AND***  
***STORIES***



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# Rimes and Stories

*By*

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NORMAL UNIVERSITY

*With*

ILLUSTRATIONS *by* EMMA BELL

*The Public School Publishing Company*

Bloomington, Illinois

1910

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## FOREWORD

**I**T is the purpose of this book to give more pleasure to the children in their earlier efforts to read for themselves.

When children are learning to read it is not enough that the literature used stir the fancy and quicken the imagination.

The words themselves must attract, and the order in which they flow must give delight. That which is charmingly rhythmical will give pleasure as it is read again and again, line after line, for the measure as well as the rime.

To give readiness in reading for information, bright conversation of children about things of interest to them may be used. Excellent material for this purpose is found, also, in short dramatic stories, such as "The Little Red Hen," "The Old



Woman and Her Pig," "The Gingerbread Man," and others used in this book.

Bright bits of verse, to be memorized, songs, and artistic drawings are used as illustrations. A pleasing color tint, used in printing these, brightens the pages. Phonograms and some word building lists are introduced frequently, and new words are often printed at the top of the page, that the children may better image them, when they become interested in how words are spelled. Punctuation is used, as in poetry, to show thought connections between successive statements.

"Rimes and Stories" has much more reading matter than is usual in primers. It can well be used in both first and second grades.

# *Rimes and Stories*



PLAYING SCHOOL

## LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?

“Over the sea.”

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?

“All that love me.”

—Lord Houghton

I see the moon,

The moon sees me;

I like the moon,

The moon likes me.





We can work;

We can play;

We are happy

All the day.





**I can play.**

**I can work, too.**

**I like to play.**

**I like to work.**

**I work and play all day.**

**I am happy all the day.**

# ROCK-A-BY BABY.

Rock - a - bye, ba - by, On the tree-top; When the wind blows

The cra - dle will rock; When the bough bends The cra - dle will

fall; Down will come ba - by, Cra - dle, and all.

Rock-a-bye, baby,  
 On the tree top;  
 When the wind blows  
 The cradle will rock;  
  
 When the bough bends  
 The cradle will fall;  
 Down will come baby,  
 Cradle, and all.



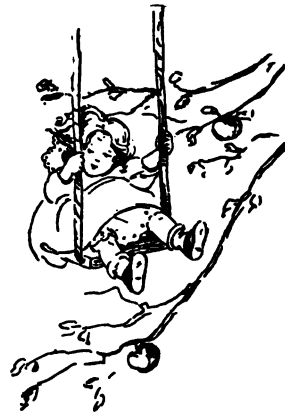
Baby has a cradle.

The cradle is in the tree top.

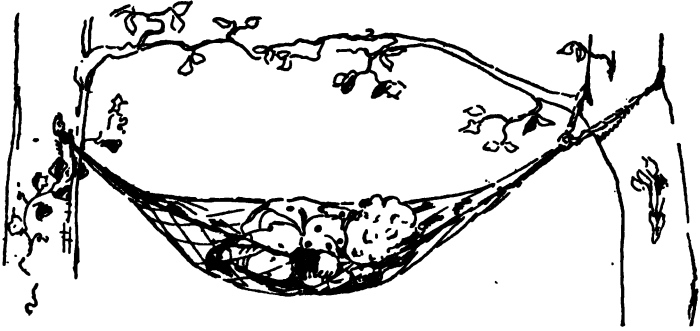
The wind rocks the cradle.

Baby likes to rock.

“When the bough bends  
The cradle will fall;  
Down will come baby,  
Cradle, and all.”







See the little cradle;  
It is in the tree top.  
The wind blows the cradle;  
See the cradle rock.  
Will the bough bend?  
Will the cradle fall?  
Will baby fall?

Where did you come from, Baby dear?  
Out of the every-where into the here.

—G. MacDonald.

This is our baby.

She likes to play.

I like to play with baby. ①

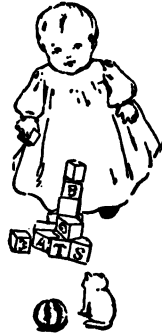
We play and play.

We play all day.

See me rock baby.

Can you rock baby?

Will you play with baby?



Why did you come to us, you dear?

God thought about you, and so I am here.

—G. MacDonald.



I see a cradle in the tree top.  
The cradle is a little nest.  
Some baby birds are in the nest.  
The wind rocks the nest.  
Blow, wind, blow.  
Rock the little cradle.  
Rock the baby birds.  
Sing, little birds,  
We will sing, too,  
“Rock-a-bye, birdies,  
In the tree top.”

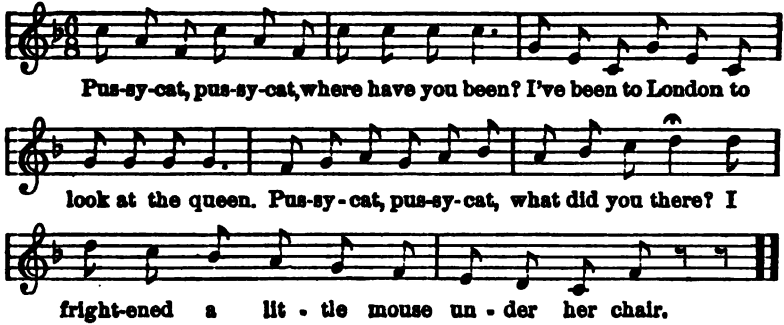
See the little birds, baby.  
The birds have a nest.  
The nest is a little cradle.  
The wind rocks the cradle.  
The wind rocks the baby birds.  
The little birds can sing.  
Sing, little birds,  
Sing to baby.  
Can you fly, little birds?  
Fly to me, little birds.  
Fly, fly away.

The little birds fly over.  
And oh, how sweet they sing!  
To tell the happy children  
That once again 'tis spring.

—Celia Thaxter.

# PUSSY CAT.

ELLIOTT.



“Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
Where have you been?”

“I’ve been to London  
To look at the queen.”

“Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
What did you there?”

“I frightened a little mouse  
Under her chair.”

did	there	have
you	where	mouse



“Good morning, Pussy.”

“Good morning, little girl.”

“Where have you been, Pussy?”

“I have been to London.”

“What did you see, Pussy?”

“I saw the queen.”

“What did you do, Pussy?”

“I frightened a little mouse  
Under a chair.”

good morning

what

saw

girl

queen



I have a little pussy.  
One morning I said,  
“Little pussy, I like you.  
Do you like me?”

Pussy said, “Yes, I like you.  
You are good to me.  
You give me milk.  
I like milk.”



I have	one	morning
said	good	milk

Where is my pretty pussy?

I can not find my little white pussy.

Have you seen pussy, Mother?

Have you seen pussy, Baby?

Where, oh, where, is my pussy?

Pussy! pussy! where are you?

Oh! there you are, under the chair.

pretty

find

under

the chair





catch	run	little
under	mouse	where

‘Pussy! Pussy!  
Come, pussy, come!  
I see a mouse!’

“Where? Where?”

“It is under the chair.  
There it is, Pussy!

Run, little mouse, run.  
Pussy will catch you.”

come	can	are	birds
pussy	play	all	pretty
like	baby	day	seen

---

when	fall	white	girl
little	down	look	some
blows	has	I've	catch
nest	with	what	mother
sing	come	did	give
	this	mouse	said
	she	there	have
	you	where	tree



Great A, little a,  
Bouncing B!

The cat's in the cupboard  
And she can't see.



she

cat

can't

Oh                      down                      doing  
                          now                      can't

Oh, Pussy, I see you.

You are in the cupboard.

You can't see me, can you, Pussy?

What are you doing?

Have you found some milk?

Come down, Pussy, come down now.

do      do ing              play      play ing  
 see      see ing              look      look ing

---

shall	naughty	eat
some thing	things	yes

Oh, what shall I do?

My naughty little pussy is  
in the cupboard.

She is eating something.

She is eating the good things.

Yes, she is!

Pussy likes good things to eat.

Oh! oh! pussy will eat all  
the good things.

Oh! what shall I do?

all	w all
f all	b all
h all	c all

ran                      one                      down



Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the  
clock;  
The clock struck one,  
And down he ran,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.



r an	f an	up
c an	m an	c up

Look, Baby, look!  
 See the little mouse!  
 It ran up the clock.  
 The clock struck one!  
 The mouse ran down.  
 Run to your nest, little mouse.  
 Run, little mouse, run!  
 Here comes pussy cat.

l ook	t ook	r un
b ook	h ook	f un
c ook	sh ook	g un

mother                      house                      saw  
                                          some thing                      clock

A little mouse ran to its mother.

It said, "Oh, mother,

I was in a big house,

I ran up the wall.

Something said, 'One,'

I ran down.

Baby saw me; she said,

'Hickory, dickory, dock,

The mouse ran up the clock,

The clock struck one,

And down he ran,

•      Hickory, dickory, dock.'"

m ouse	b ig	w all
h ouse	p ig	f all

## **SILENT READING.**

1. Where did the little mouse run?
2. Where had the little mouse been?
3. What did the little mouse hear?
4. How did the little mouse feel?
5. Who saw the little mouse?
6. Who said “Hickory, dickory,  
dock?”

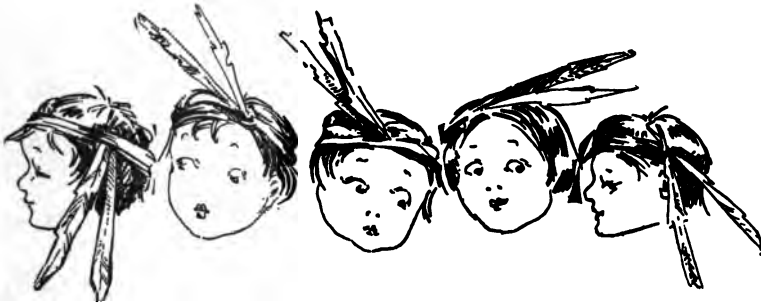


## TEN LITTLE INDIANS.



one                      two                      three                      four  
                    five                                      six  
seven                      eight                      nine                      ten

John Brown had a little Indian,  
John Brown had a little Indian,  
John Brown had a little Indian,  
    One little Indian boy.  
One little, two little, three little  
    Indians,  
Four little, five little, six little  
    Indians,  
Seven little, eight little, nine little  
    Indians,  
Ten little Indian boys.



lay

them

shoe

door

pick

One, two,  
 Buckle my shoe.  
 Three, four,  
 Shut the door.  
 Five, six,  
 Pick up sticks,  
 Seven, eight,  
 Lay them straight.  
 Nine, ten,  
 A good fat hen.



One, two, three, four, five,  
 I caught a hare alive;  
 Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,  
 I let him go again.

p ick

f at

th at

st ick

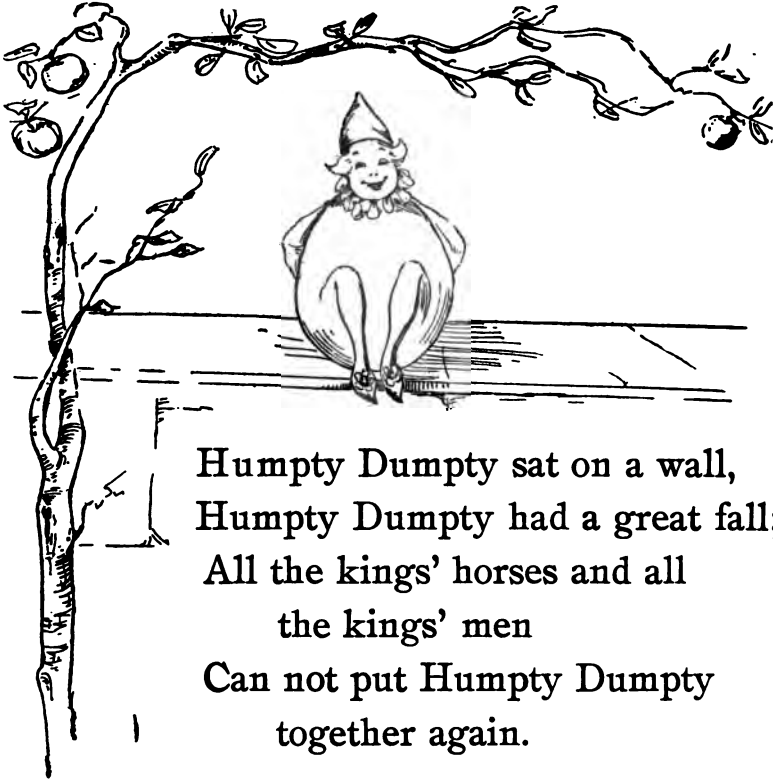
h at

m at

w ick

c at

s at



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;  
 All the kings' horses and all  
     the kings' men  
 Can not put Humpty Dumpty  
     together again.



great  
 horses  
 lay  
 pick

then  
 shoe  
 again  
 home

something  
 shall  
 things  
 eat

sat  
 men  
 house  
 mother

**BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP.**

Baa, baa, black sheep, Have you an - y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir,  
 Three bags full; One for my mas - ter, one for my dame, And  
 one for the lit - tle boy That lives in the lane.

Baa, baa, black sheep,  
 Have you any wool?

Yes, sir, yes, sir,  
 Three bags full;

One for my master,  
 One for my dame,

And one for the little boy  
 That lives in the lane.

bl ack  
 b ack  
 J ack

any  
 m any

wool

any

suit

mother

make

Come, black sheep, ~~come~~ to me.

Have you any wool?

Yes, I have three bags full.

May I have some of it?

Some day, little boy, you may  
have all of my wool.



Oh, thank you, black sheep,  
thank you!

Mother will make me a  
pretty suit then.



sh eep

s ome

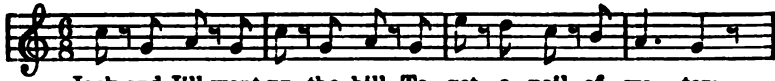
m ake

sl eep

c ome

t ake

## JACK AND JILL.



Jack and Jill went up the hill To get a pail of wa - ter;



Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling aft - er.

Jack	Jill	went	hill
pail	water	fell	down
his	came	tumbling	after

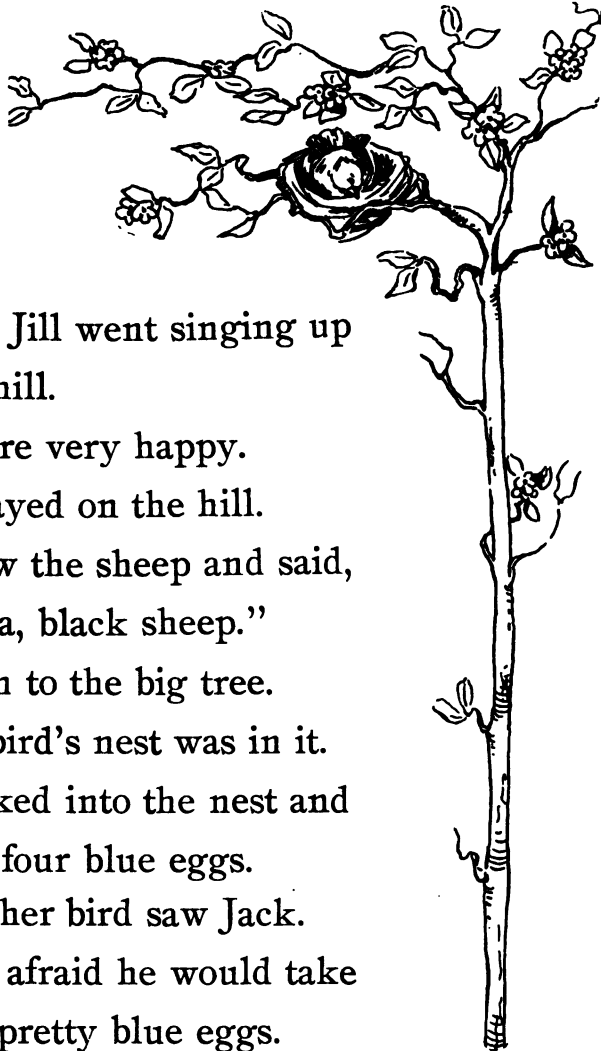
Jack and Jill went up the hill  
 To get a pail of water;  
 Jack fell down and broke  
     his crown,  
 And Jill came tumbling after.

h ill	f ill	w ent	g et
J ill	m ill	s ent	l et
k ill	b ill	t ent	m et
s ill	st ill	b ent	p et

happy  
eggs

looked  
four

blue  
afraid



Jack and Jill went singing up  
the hill.

They were very happy.

They played on the hill.

They saw the sheep and said,  
“Baa, baa, black sheep.”

They ran to the big tree.

A little bird’s nest was in it.

Jack looked into the nest and  
saw four blue eggs.

The mother bird saw Jack.

She was afraid he would take  
her pretty blue eggs.



But Jack said, "I will not take your  
eggs, Mother Bird."

Jill said, "I like you.

We shall come to see the little birds."

Then Jill said, "Come, Jack, we must  
go home."

They took their pail of water,

They went singing down the hill.

Oh! oh! oh! Poor Jack and poor Jill!

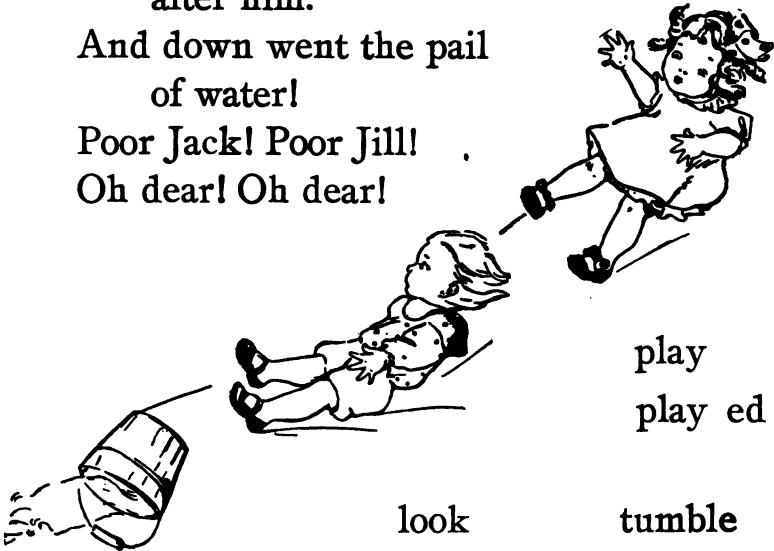
Jack tumbled down the hill.

Down went Jill, tumbling  
after him.

And down went the pail  
of water!

Poor Jack! Poor Jill!

Oh dear! Oh dear!



look

look ed

play

play ed

tumble

tumble d

SILENT READING.

1. Where did Jack and Jill go?
2. What did they do on the hill?
3. What did they see there?
4. What did Jack and Jill say?
5. Where did they run?
6. What did they find?
7. Of what was the mother bird afraid?



there  
named

black birds  
a way

again  
other

There were two blackbirds  
Sitting on a hill;  
One was named Jack  
The other named Jill.

Fly away, Jack!  
Fly away, Jill!  
Come again, Jack!  
Come again, Jill!

sit  
run  
get

sit ting  
run ning  
get ting.

m ay  
w ay  
a w ay

“Oh, look, Jack!

See those two big birds!”

“Yes, they are blackbirds.”

“What pretty birds they are!

Let us name the birds, Jack.”

“I will name my bird Jill.”

“I will name my bird Jack.”

“Fly away, Jack!”

“Fly away, Jill!”

“Oh, there they go!

Goodbye, pretty birds!”

“Come again, Jack!”

“Come again, Jill!”

those

name

goodbye



once  
went

hop  
shook

stop  
far

said  
flew

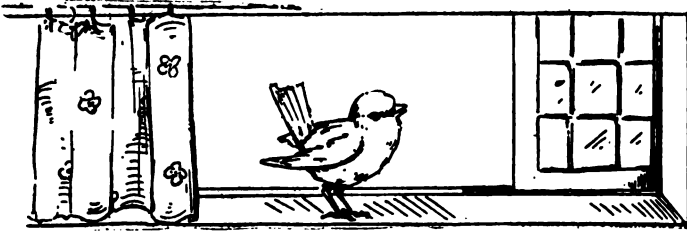
Once I saw a little bird  
Come hop, hop, hop.  
And I said, "Little bird,  
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

I went to the door  
To say "How do you do?"  
But he shook his little tail,  
And far away he flew.

h op  
t op  
st op  
dr op

l ook  
b ook  
t ook  
sh ook

t ail  
p ail  
h ail  
m ail



A birdie with a yellow bill,  
 Hopped upon my window-sill,  
 Cocked his shining eye and said,  
 “Aren’t you ’shamed, you sleepy-head?”

—*Child’s Garden of Verses.*

upon  
 shining

yellow  
 aren’t

bill                      eye  
 sleepy-head



any	name	drive
mother	said	bird
make	far	come
went	flew	men
water	upon	six
came	eye	eight
pail	fast	where
after	happy	what
hill	four	there
will	great	this
blue	suit	house
eggs	named	pick
again	yellow	stick
away	sleepy-head	eye
once	says	sat

Mix a pancake,  
 Stir a pancake,  
 Drop it in the pan;  
 Try the pancake,  
 Toss the pancake,  
 Catch it if you can. —C. Rossetti

fast                      put                      mark                      cake

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,  
     baker's man!  
 So I do, master, as fast as I can;  
 Pat it and prick it, and  
     mark it with B,  
 Put it in the oven for  
     baby and me.

pr ick	m ark	p at
br ick	b ark	h at
p ick	h ark	th at

---





Here are Jack and Jill and the baby.

Can you tell what they are playing?

Yes, they are playing Pat-a-cake.

Baby likes to play Pat-a-cake.

He says, "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake."

Jill says, "Make a cake for Mother, Baby."

Then Baby says, "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake."

Jack says, "Make a cake for Father, Baby."

And Baby says, "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake."

Baby makes big cakes for mother and father.

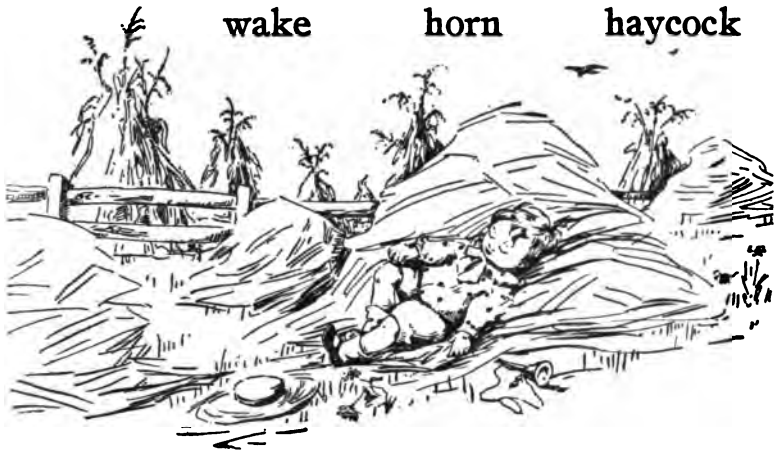
He makes little cakes for Jack and Jill.

t ell	sh ell	m ake	b ake	s ay
f ell	b ell	c ake	lake	s ays

wake

horn

haycock



Little Boy Blue  
 Come blow your horn,  
 The sheep are in the meadow,  
 The cows are in the corn.

Where's the little boy  
 That looks after the sheep?  
 He's under a haycock  
 Fast asleep.

Shall you wake him? No, not I,  
 For if I do he'll be sure to cry.

h orn

where is

he is

c orn

where's

he's

This is	our	with
called	because	why
such	time	sleepy

Once there was a little boy.  
 They called him Boy Blue.  
 Why did they call him that?  
 Because he had a pretty blue suit  
     and a little blue horn.  
 One day Boy Blue's cows ran away.  
 They ran into the corn.  
 His sheep ran into the meadow.  
 They had such a good time!  
 Where was little Boy Blue?  
 Oh! he was under the haycock,  
     fast asleep.  
 He was such a little sleepy head.

sleep		sleep y.
	a sleep	
sleep s		sleep ing

Who has seen the wind?  
 Neither I nor you;  
 But when the leaves hang trembling,  
 The wind is passing thru.

Who has seen the wind?  
 Neither you nor I;  
 But when the trees bow down their heads,  
 The wind is passing by. —*Christina Rossetti*

Blow, wind, blow.  
 Blow over the meadow,  
 Blow over the corn,  
 Blow in the tree tops.  
 The trees bend in the wind.  
 The wind blows the corn up and down.  
 The wind blows, "Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye."  
 Baby sleeps in her cradle.  
 Boy Blue sleeps under the haycock.

over              bend              meadow              blows

loud	drive	wake
louder	don't	vour

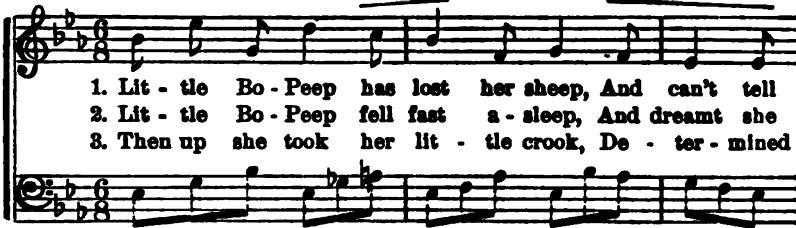
Wake up, wake up, Little Boy Blue!  
 Wake up! Your sheep are in the meadow!  
 The cows are in the corn!  
 Come, Boy Blue, wake up!  
 There! There! don't cry!  
 Blow your horn!  
 Blow louder! Blow! Blow! Blow!  
 Oh! there are the cows!  
 And there are the sheep, too!  
 Run, Boy Blue!  
 Drive the cows and sheep home.

sh eep	k eep	p eep
sl eep	d eep	sw eep

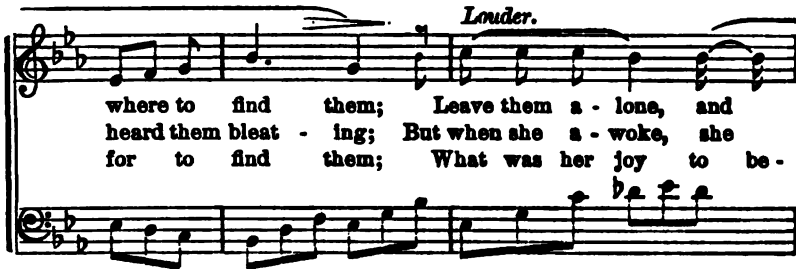
## LITTLE BO-PEEP.

*Slowly.*

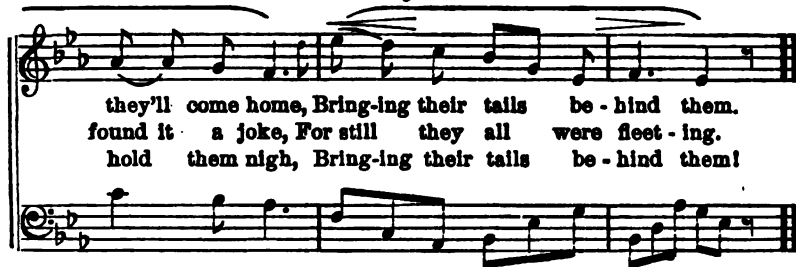
J. W. ELLIOTT. Arr.



1. Lit - tle Bo - Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell  
 2. Lit - tle Bo - Peep fell fast a - sleep, And dreamt she  
 3. Then up she took her lit - tle crook, De - ter - mined

*Louder.*


where to find them; Leave them a - lone, and  
 heard them bleat - ing; But when she a - woke, she  
 for to find them; What was her joy to be -

*Decisively.*


they'll come home, Bring-ing their tails be - hind them.  
 found it a joke, For still they all were fleet - ing.  
 hold them nigh, Bring-ing their tails be - hind them!



Bo-peep	lost	behind	where
leave	alone	tails	they'll



Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,  
 And can't tell where to find them.  
 Leave them alone, and they will  
     come home,  
 Bringing their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep  
 And dreamt she heard them bleating;  
 But when she awoke, she found it a joke,  
 For still they all were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,  
 Determined for to find them;  
 What was her joy to behold them nigh,  
 Bringing their tails behind them!

br ing	r ing	f ind
str ing	s ing	m ind
th ing	w ing	b ind

made      live      lives      lived      that's



There was an old woman  
Lived under a hill.  
And if she's not gone,  
She lives there still.

What are little boys made of, made of?  
What are little boys made of?  
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails,  
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of, made of?  
What are little girls made of?  
Sugar and spice, and everything nice,  
That's what little girls are made of.

sp ice	m ade	t ail s
n ice	sh ade	s n ail s
r ice	sp ade	p ail s
m ice	w ade	



Mother Hubbard  
got

bare

poor  
none



Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone;  
When she got there  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.



g ot  
n ot  
h ot

l ot  
p ot  
d ot

sh ot  
sp ot  
tr ot

sister	water	peep
wades	but	deep

I have a little sister,  
 They call her Peep, Peep;  
 She wades in the water,  
 Deep, deep, deep.  
 She climbs up the mountains,  
 High, high, high.  
 Poor little thing!  
 She has but one eye.

The world is so full of a number of  
 things;  
 I'm sure we should all be as happy  
 as kings.

—*Child's Garden of Verses.*

th ings	p eep	cr eep
k ings	d eep	st eep
r ings	w eep	sw eep

Jack Horner  
Christmas

corner  
pulled

plum  
pie

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Eating a Christmas pie;  
He put in his thumb,  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said, "What a good boy am I!"



eat

put

pull

eat ing

put ting

pull ed

### LITTLE JACK HORNER.

*Slowly and plaintively.*



Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner Sat in a cor - ner



Eat - ing a Christ - mas pie; He put in his thumb, And

*Cheerfully and quickly.*



pulled out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"

From "Melodic First Reader." American Book Co.

I have so many things to do,  
 I don't know when I shall be through.  
 I am so busy all the day,  
 I haven't any time to play. —*Peabody*

some times	floor	dishes
	wash	sweep

“Good morning, little girl,  
 What are you doing this morning?”  
 “I am helping mother.”  
 “What can you do to help her?”  
 “I can rock my baby brother;  
 I can give milk to kitty;  
 Sometimes I wash the dishes;  
 I can sweep the floor;  
 I can go to market for mother.”



In the night time,  
At the right time,  
So I've understood;  
'Tis the habit  
Of Sir Rabbit,  
To dance in the wood.



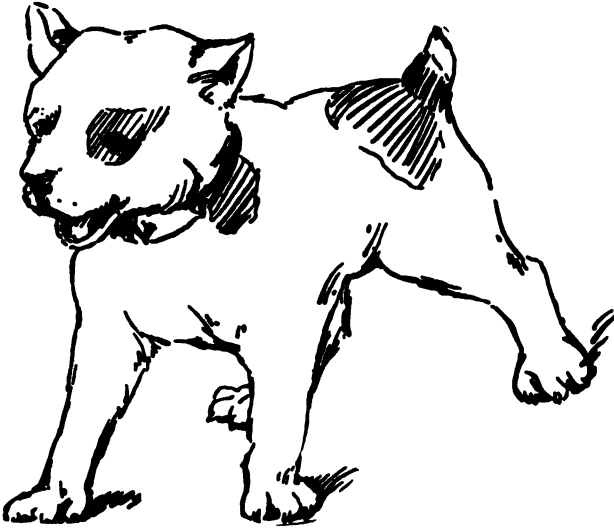
Bye-Baby-Bunting,  
Daddy's gone a-hunting,  
To get a little rabbit skin,  
To wrap his Baby Bunting in.



n ight  
r ight

br ight  
f ight

fr ight  
fr ight en



Bow, wow, wow!

Whose dog art thou?

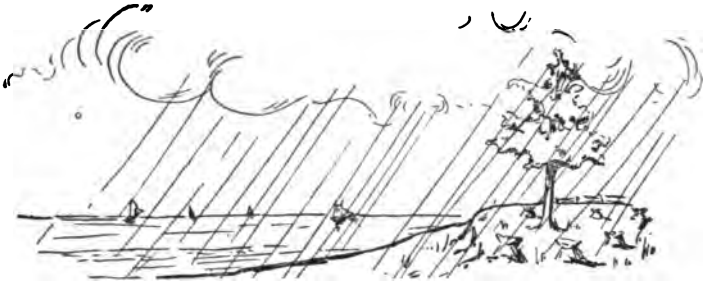
Little Tommy Tucker's dog,

Bow, wow, wow!

dog

bow wow wow

whose



The rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree.  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.

—*Child's Garden of Verses.*

around

raining

field

Rain, rain,  
Go away,  
Come again  
Another day.  
Little Tommy wants  
to play.



rain

rain ing

a round

rains

rain ed

round

fall ing  
school

grandma  
umbrella

grandpa  
fun

One day it was raining.

The rain was falling all around.

Jill was at grandma's house.

"It is time for you to go to school,  
Jill," said grandma.

"You may have grandpa's umbrella."

"O! what a big umbrella, grandma!"  
said Jill.

"I like the rain.

Isn't this fun?

See! it is raining all around."

"Rain on the grass,  
And rain on the tree;  
Rain on the housetop,  
But not upon me."

rain  
rain ing

fall  
call ing

a round  
found

p ound  
gr ound

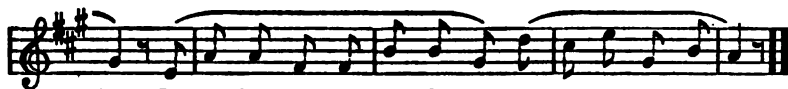


## A RAIN SONG.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.



1. It is - n't rain - ing rain to me, It's rain - ing daf - fo -  
 2. A health un - to the hap - py, A fig for him who



dills; In ev - 'ry dim - pled drop I see Field flowers on the hills.  
 frets; It is - n't rain - ing rain to me, It's rain - ing vi - o - leta.

High above us, slowly sailing,

Little clouds, so soft and white,

You are like the wings of angels,

Watching o'er us day and night.

—Gilder

today  
park

glad  
very

ride  
large

I am glad it is not raining today.  
We are going for a ride.  
Father is going with us.  
Mother is going to take Baby.  
We will go to the park.  
Have you seen our park?  
It is very pretty, and very large.  
There are big trees and pretty flowers  
in it.

There is a big lake, too.  
I saw some ducks on the lake one day.  
They were swimming.  
Ducks like to swim.



Sometimes they put their heads down  
into the water.  
Why do they do that?  
Do they wish to catch the fish?

l ake

m ake

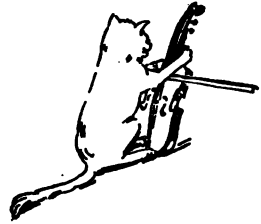
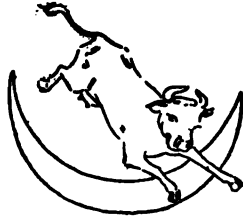
b ake

jumped

laughed

over

such



Hey, diddle, diddle,

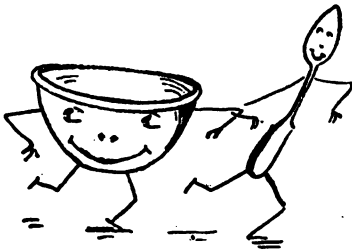
The cat and the fiddle,

The cow jumped over the moon;

The little dog laughed to see such

sport,

And the dish ran away with the spoon.



gl ad

b ad

h ad

d ish

f ish

w ish

white

red

grows

stands

nose

shorter



ittle Nancy Etticoat,

In a white petticoat,

And a red nose.

The longer she stands

The shorter she grows.

r ed

f ed

st and s

b ed

l ed

b and s

N ed

sh ed

h and s

T ed

Fr ed

s and s

Robin Redbreast

s at

went



Little Robin Redbreast

Sat upon a tree;

Up went Pussy Cat,

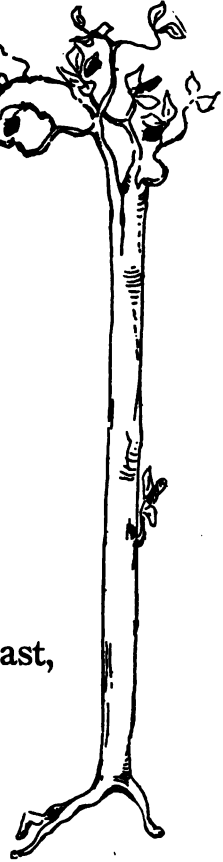
Down went he.

Down went Pussy Cat,

Away Robin ran;

Said Little Robin Redbreast,

"Catch me if you can."



c atch

h atch

l atch

m atch

scr atch

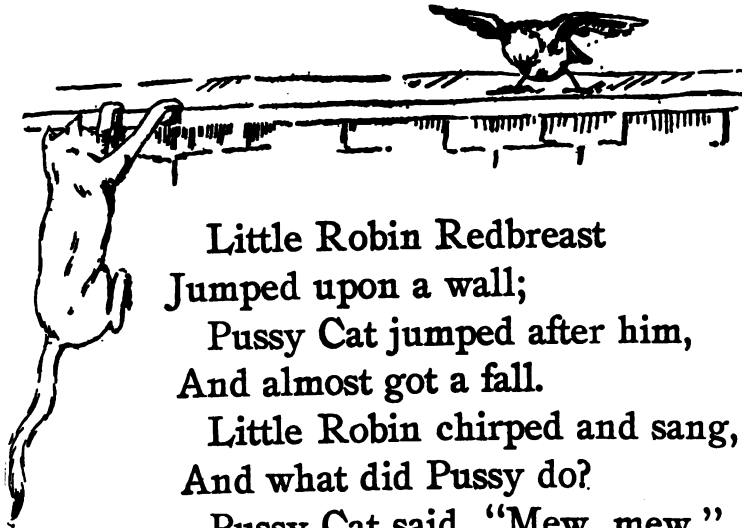
p atch

after

flew

mew

almost



Little Robin Redbreast  
 Jumped upon a wall;  
 Pussy Cat jumped after him,  
 And almost got a fall.  
 Little Robin chirped and sang,  
 And what did Pussy do?  
 Pussy Cat said, "Mew, mew,"  
 And away Robin flew.

m ew

fl ew

f ew

n ew

bl ew

st ew



Robins in the tree-top,  
 Blossoms in the grass,  
 Green things a-growing  
 Everywhere you pass. —T. B. Aldrich



Jack be nimble,

Jack be quick,

Jack jump over the candle-stick.

j ump

b ump

h ump

p ump

st ump

l ump

d ump

m ump s



There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl,  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
When she was good,  
She was very, very good;  
When she was bad,  
She was horrid.

girl

curl

good

bad

right

there

very

when



is not  
isn't

do not  
don't

I have  
I've

cannot  
can't

How do you do, mother?

We have come to see you.

We are playing house.

The dolls are our little girls.

This is my little girl.

Isn't she pretty?

See her little curl?

It is in the middle of her forehead.

She is not like the little girl

in the story.

She is always good.

mother

house

isn't

dolls

always

garden

does

grow

bells

shells

maids

silver

quite



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
 How does your garden grow?  
 With silver bells, and cockle shells,  
 And pretty maids all in a row.



gr ow

sh ow

th r ow

r ow

m ow

cr ow

lost	rain	girl
made	raining	boy
gone	large	house
lives	today	grow
poor	umbrella	garden
got	jumped	bells
sister	white	shells
mother	red	whose
deep	grandpa	such
peep	grandma	pulled
sleep	over	Christmas
floor	very	wash
dishes	school	almost
around	fun	when
sweep	ride	very

grain of wheat                      f o u n d                      cut  
 pl an t                      be g an                      bread                      fl ou r



## LITTLE RED HEN.

Little Red Hen was in the garden.

She found a grain of wheat.

‘Who will plant this wheat?’ she said.

‘I will not,’ said the cat,

‘I will not,’ said the rat,

‘I will not,’ said the pig.

‘I will, then,’ said Little Red Hen,  
 and she did.

Soon the wheat began to ripen.

‘Who will cut this wheat?’ said Little  
 Red Hen.

"I will not," said the cat,

"I will not," said the rat,

"I will not," said the pig.

"I will, then," said Little Red Hen.

So she cut the wheat.

"Who will take this wheat to the mill?"

said Little Red Hen.

"I will not," said the cat,

"I will not," said the rat,

"I will not," said the pig.

"I will, then," said Little Red Hen.

So she took the wheat to the mill.

The miller gave her pretty white flour.

"Who will make this flour into bread?"

said Little Red Hen.

"I will not," said the cat,

"I will not," said the rat,

"I will not," said the pig.

"I will, then," said Little Red Hen.

And she made some nice white bread.

"Who will eat this bread?" said Little

Red Hen.

"I will," said the cat,

"I will," said the rat,

"I will," said the pig.

"No, you will not," said Little Red Hen.

"My little chickens and I will eat it.

Cluck! Cluck!"

---

### SILENT READING.

What did the little red hen find in the  
garden?

What was the first thing she did with the  
wheat?

What did she do with the wheat when it  
was ripe?

Where did she take the wheat?

What did the miller give her?

What did she do with the flour?

Who ate the bread that Little Red Hen  
made?

ride            lady            horse            fingers  
 wherever            m a k e s            b e l l s



ide a cock horse

To Banbury Cross,

To see an old lady

Upon a white horse,

Rings on her fingers

And bells on her toes.

And so she makes music

Wherever she goes.

toes                      makes                      bells  
 goes                      cakes                      shells

pony	whip ped	would
lent	rode	a way
mile	thru	mire

I had a little pony,  
 His name was Dapple Gray.  
 I lent him to a lady,  
 To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she slashed him,  
 She rode him thru the mire,  
 I would not lend my pony now  
 For all the lady's hire.

m ire	w ould	sl ash ed
h ire	c ould	sp l ash ed
f ire	sh ould	d ash ed





with out  
shoe

children  
woman

liv ed  
know

There was an old woman  
Who lived in a shoe;  
She had so many children  
She didn't know what to do  
She gave them some broth  
Without any bread;  
She whipped them all soundly  
And sent them to bed.

s ent  
sp ent

did n't  
did not

many  
any



wolf

roof

smil ed

kid

afraid

w ould

## THE WOLF AND THE KID.

A little kid was on the roof of a house.

He saw a wolf go by.

“Ho! ho!” said the kid, “who is afraid  
of a wolf?”

The wolf smiled as he said,

“You are on the roof, so you are not  
afraid.

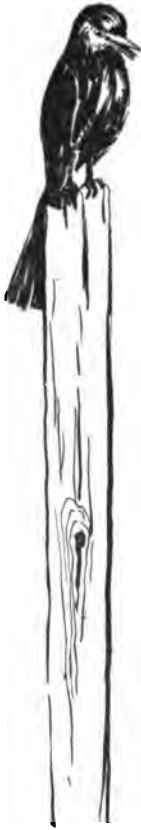
If you were in the field you would run.”

k id

h id

l id

sl id



Mr. Fox	Mrs. Crow	cheese
thought	dinner	flew

## THE FOX AND THE CROW.

Mrs. Crow found a piece of cheese.  
She thought it would make a  
good dinner.

She flew with it to a tree.

Mr. Fox saw Mrs. Crow.

He saw the cheese, too.

"I will have that cheese," said he,  
So he ran ran to the tree.

"How do you do, Mrs. Crow?

I am glad to see you.

How pretty you are!

Will you sing for me, Mrs. Crow?

I am sure you sing sweetly,

You are such a pretty bird."

Mrs. Crow sang, "Caw, caw, caw."

Down fell the cheese!

Mr. Fox caught it and away he ran.





A dillar, a dollar,

A ten-o'clock scholar.

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come at ten o'clock,

But now you come at noon.

s oon

sp oon

n ow

n oon

m oon

h ow



cr ook ed                  f ou n d                  bought  
                          caught                  together

There was a crooked man  
                  Who went a crooked mile;  
 He found a crooked sixpence  
                  Against a crooked stile;  
 He bought a crooked cat,  
                  Which caught a crooked mouse,  
 And they all lived together  
                  In a little crooked house.

m ile                          f ound                          b ought  
 st ile                          r ound                          th ough  
 p ile                          gr ound

every

even ing

wait

Mistress Cow

g ate

call ing

Mistress Cow stands at the gate.

Every evening she will wait,

Calling low, calling slow,

Moo! Moo!



Thank you, pretty cow that made

Pleasant milk to soak my bread,

Every morn and every night,

Fresh and sweet and pure and white.

thank

pleasant

sw ee t

pure

fresh

green

want

drink

The friendly cow all red and white  
 I love with all my heart;  
 She gives me cream with all her might,  
 To eat with apple tart. —*Child's Garden of Verses.*

Good morning, big, white cow!  
 There you are in the fresh green fields.  
 Come, pretty cow.  
 Baby and I have some green grass for you.  
 Come and get the grass.  
 We want to thank you for your good milk.  
 We like it, it is so fresh and pure and  
 sweet.  
 Thank you, good cow, for the sweet pure  
 milk to drink.

gr ee n

th ank

dr ink

s ee n

b ank

th ink

up stairs

down stairs

cry ing



Wee Willie Winkie runs thru the town,  
 Upstairs and downstairs in his night gown,  
 Tapping at the window, crying in the lock  
 "Are the children in their beds?  
 It is now eight o'clock."

t own

tap ping

l ock

g own

snap ping

cl ock

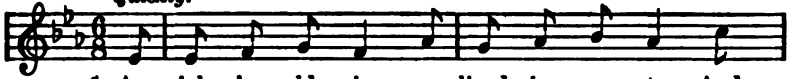
br own

nap ping

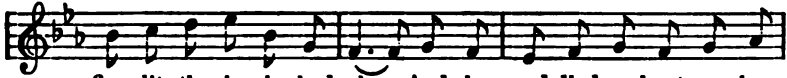
r ock



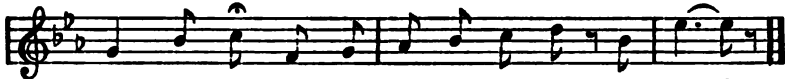
## FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

*Quickly.*

1. A jol - ly old pig once lived in a sty, And  
 2. The five lit - tle pigs grew sau - cy and pert, And

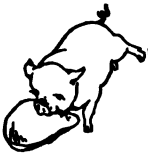
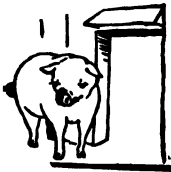


five lit - tle pig - gles had she; And she wad - dled a - bout, say - ing,  
 tried to act old - er, you see; But their tongues were not e - qual to



"Umph, umph, umph," While the lit - tle ones said, "Wee! wee!"  
 "Umph, umph, umph," So they on - ly could say, "Wee! wee!"

From "Melodic First Reader." American Book Co.



This                      wee                      home

This little pig went to market,

This little pig stayed at home,

This little pig had roast beef,

This little pig had none,

This little pig cried

wee, wee,

All the way home.



w ay

h ay

h ad

m ay

p ay

b ad

d ay

l ay

l ad



sweep ing            thru            hole            f ence  
farm er            to night            st icks

## THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PIG.

An old woman was sweeping.

She found a sixpence.

She said, "I will buy a pig." So she went to  
market and bought a nice little fat pig.

As she was going home the pig would not go  
thru a hole in the fence.

The old woman did not know what to do.

She went on a little way and she met a dog.

She said, "Dog, dog, bite the pig;

Pig will not go thru the hole in the fence,



And I shall not get home tonight.”  
 But the dog said, “No, I won’t do it.”

\* \* \*

So the old woman went on.  
 Soon she met a stick.

She said, “Stick, stick, whip the dog;  
 Dog will not bite the pig,  
 Pig will not go thru the hole in the fence,  
 And I shall not get home tonight.”  
 But the stick said, “No, I won’t do it.”

\* \* \*

The old woman went on and on.  
 She met a fire.

She said “Fire, fire, burn the stick;  
 Stick will not whip the dog,  
 Dog will not bite the pig,  
 Pig will not go thru the hole in the fence,  
 And I shall not get home tonight.”  
 But the fire said, “No, I won’t do it.”

\* \* \*

So the old woman went on.  
 By and by she met some water.

She said, "Water, water, put out the fire;  
 Fire will not burn the stick,  
 Stick will not whip the dog,  
 Dog will not bite the pig,  
 Pig will not go thru the hole in the fence,  
 And I shall not get home tonight."  
 But the water said, "No, I won't do it."

\* \* \*

The old woman went on.  
 Soon she met an ox.  
 She said, "Ox, ox, drink the water;  
 Water will not put out the fire,  
 Fire will not burn the stick,  
 Stick will not whip the dog,  
 Dog will not bite the pig,  
 Pig will not go thru the hole in the fence,  
 And I shall not get home tonight."  
 But the ox said, "No, I won't do it."

\* \* \*

So the old woman went on and on.  
 She met a butcher.

She said, "Butcher, butcher, kill the ox;  
 Ox will not drink the water,  
 Water will not put out the fire,  
 Fire will not burn the stick,  
 Stick will not whip the dog,  
 Dog will not bite the pig,  
 Pig will not go thru the hole in the fence,  
 And I shall not get home tonight."  
 But the butcher said, "No, I won't do it."

\* \* \*

The old woman went on.  
 Soon she met a rope.  
 She said, "Rope, rope, hang the butcher;  
 Butcher will not kill the ox,  
 Ox will not drink the water,  
 Water will not put out the fire,  
 Fire will not burn the stick,  
 Stick will not whip the dog,  
 Dog will not bite the pig,  
 Pig will not go thru the hole in the fence,  
 And I shall not get home tonight."

But the rope said, "No, I won't do it."

\* \* \*

The poor little old woman had to go on and on  
She met a rat.

She said, "Rat, rat, gnaw the rope;  
Rope will not hang the butcher,  
Butcher will not kill the ox,  
Ox will not drink the water,  
Water will not put out the fire,  
Fire will not burn the stick,  
Stick will not whip the dog,  
Dog will not bite the pig,  
Pig will not go thru the hole in the fence,  
And I shall not get home tonight."  
But the rat said, "No, I won't do it."

\* \* \*

The old woman went on and met a cat.  
She said, "Cat, cat, catch the rat;  
Rat will not gnaw the rope,  
Rope will not hang the butcher,  
Butcher will not kill the ox,

Ox will not drink the water,  
Water will not put out the fire,  
Fire will not burn the stick,  
Stick will not whip the dog,  
Dog will not bite the pig,  
Pig will not go thru the hole in the fence,  
And I shall not get home tonight.”  
The cat said, “Yes I will, if you will give me  
some milk.”

\* \* \*

The old woman went on and met a cow.  
She said, “Cow, cow, give me some milk.”  
The cow said, “I will, if you will give me  
some hay.”

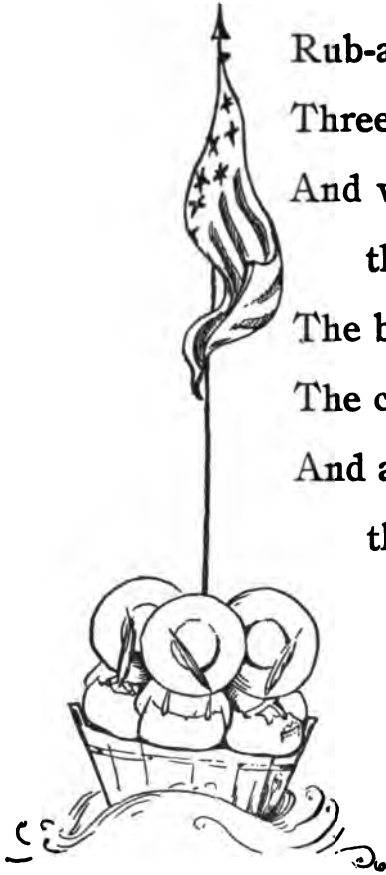
The old woman went to the haymow;  
She got some hay and gave it to the cow;  
Then the cow gave the old woman some milk;  
The old woman gave the milk to the cat.  
So the cat began to catch the rat,  
The rat began to gnaw the rope,  
The rope began to hang the butcher,

The butcher began to kill the ox,  
The ox began to drink the water,  
The water began to put out the fire,  
The fire began to burn the stick,  
The stick began to whip the dog,  
The dog began to bite the pig,  
The pig went thru the hole in the fence,  
And the old woman really did get home that  
night.



really	began	whip	burn	water
stick	rope	hole	fence	that
drink	hang	fire	home	put





Rub-a-dub-dub,  
 Three men in a tub,  
 And whom do you think  
     they were?  
 The butcher, the baker,  
 The candle-stick maker,  
 And all of them going to  
     the fair.

tub

fair

baker

dub

hair

maker

rub

pair

shaker



Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a great spider  
And sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Miss Muffet      be side      fright en ed

Hark! Hark!  
The dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming  
to town;  
Some in rags,  
Some in tags,  
And some in velvet  
gowns.



beggars

coming

velvet

---



Sing a song of seasons,  
Something bright in all;  
Flowers in the summer;  
Fires in the fall. —Robert Louis Stevenson.



first  
big

second  
mother

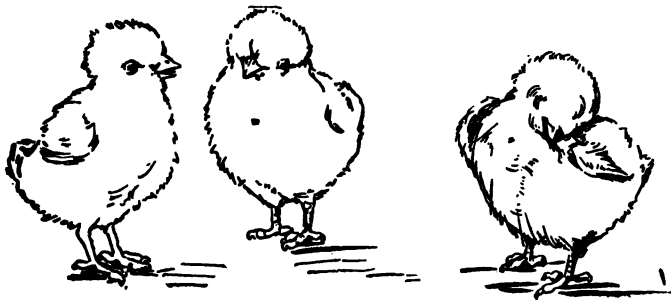
third  
qu ee r

fourth  
s m all

Said the first little chicken,  
With a queer little squirm,  
“I wish I could find  
A fat little worm.”

Said the second little chicken,  
With an odd little shrug,  
“I wish I could find  
A fat little bug.”

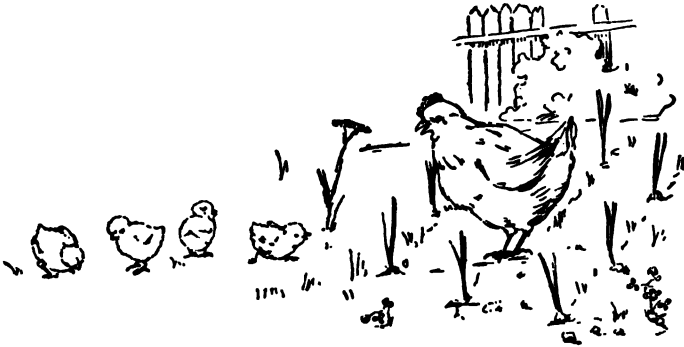
Said the third little chicken,  
With a faint little moan,  
“I wish I could find  
A wee gravel stone.”



Said the fourth little chicken,  
 With a small sigh of grief,  
 "I wish I could find  
 A little green leaf."

"Now see here," said the mother,  
 From the green garden patch,  
 "If you want any breakfast,  
 Just come here and scratch."

b ug	m ug	s igh	p atch
sh r ug	d ug	h igh	scr atch
r ug	t ug	th igh	c atch





If Mother Nature patches  
 The leaves of trees and vines,  
 I'm sure she does her mending  
 With needles of the pines.  
 They are so long and slender  
 And sometimes in full view,  
 They have their thread of cobwebs,  
 And thimbles made of dew.

Mother Nature	mend ing	thread
n ee dles	long	full

once	tiny	naughty	leaf
heard	know	un til	last



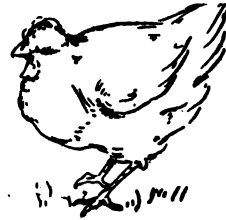
### CHICKEN LITTLE.

Once there was a tiny little chicken.  
 She was so tiny every one called her Chicken  
 Little.

One day Chicken Little was naughty.  
 She ran into the garden.  
 She had no right to be there.  
 A leaf fell on her tail.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried, "the sky  
 is falling!"

She ran out of the garden as  
 fast as she could go.  
 She met Hen Pen.





"Oh, Hen Pen, the sky is falling!" she said.

"How do you know, Chicken Little?"

"I saw it with my eyes and heard it with my ears,

Some of it fell on my tail," said Chicken Little.

"Oh! let us run and tell the king," said Hen Pen.

So they ran to tell the king.

Soon they met Duck Luck.

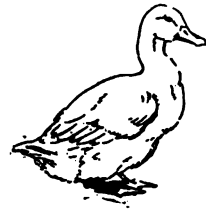
"Oh, Duck Luck! the sky is falling!" said Hen Pen.

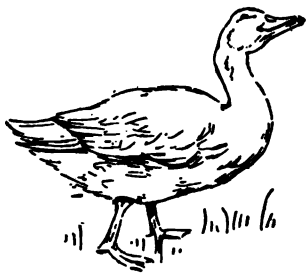
"How do you know, Hen Pen?" said Duck Luck.

"Chicken Little told me."

"How do you know, Chicken Little?"

"I saw it with my eyes,  
I heard it with my ears,





Some of it fell on my tail,"  
said Chicken Little.

"Oh! let us run and tell  
the king," said Duck  
Luck.

So they ran and ran.

They met Goose Loose.

"Oh, Goose Loose! the sky is falling!" said  
Duck Luck.

"How do you know?"

"Hen Pen told me."

"How do you know, Hen Pen?"

"Chicken Little told me."

"How do you know, Chicken Little?"

"I saw it with my eyes,

I heard it with my ears,

Some of it fell on my tail," said Chicken  
Little.

"Oh! let us run and tell the king," said  
Goose Loose.

So they ran and ran and ran until they met  
Turkey Lurkey.

"Oh, Turkey Lurkey! the sky is falling!"  
said Goose Loose.

"How do you know, Goose Loose?" said  
Turkey Lurkey.

"Duck Luck told me."

"How do you know, Duck Luck?"

"Hen Pen told me."

"How do you know, Hen Pen?"

"Chicken Little told me."

"How do you know, Chicken Little?"

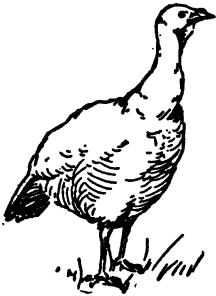
"I saw it with my eyes,  
I heard it with my ears,

Some of it fell on my tail."

"Oh! let us run and tell the  
king."

So they ran and ran.

At last they met Foxy  
Loxy.



"Oh, Foxy Loxy! the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king," said Turkey Lurkey.

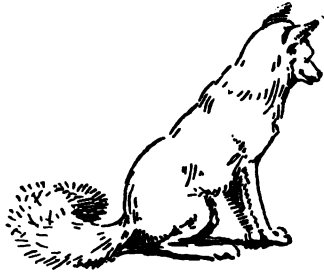
"Oh! oh! let us run! I will take you to the king," said Foxy Loxy.

So they all ran on together.

Foxy Loxy led them to his den.

And no one ever saw Chicken Little, Hen Pen, Duck Luck, Goose Loose, or Turkey Lurkey again.

Do you know why?



be fore  
tw en ty

be gan  
d ai n t y

o p en ed  
wh en



Sing a song of sixpence,  
A bag full of rye;  
Four and twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie;  
When the pie was opened  
The birds began to sing;  
Was not that a dainty dish  
To set before the king?

d ish	s et
f ish	l et
w ish	g et

The king was in his counting-house,  
 Counting out his money.  
 The queen was in the parlor,  
 Eating bread and honey.  
 The maid was in the garden,  
 Hanging out the clothes.  
 There came a little blackbird  
 And nipped her on the nose.

p ar l or  
 qu ee n

clothes  
 hang ing

m oney  
 h oney



d ar k      want ed      s up per      tired  
a b out      think ing      for got      beam



## LITTLE RED HEN AND THE FOX.

Once there was a little red hen;  
She lived in a little house;  
The little house was by a big dark wood.  
A sly old fox lived over the hill.  
He wanted this little red hen for his supper;  
He tried and tried to catch her.  
But she was very wise;  
She would lock her door and put the key  
in her pocket, and Mr. Fox could not  
get in.

He could not think of any way to catch the little red hen.

He grew quite pale and thin thinking about it.

At last one morning he said,  
"Mother, I shall bring the little red hen home for supper tonight, Have the pot boiling."

Away he ran over the hill to the home of Little Red Hen.

Just as he came to the house Little Red Hen came out to pick up some sticks for her fire.

For once she forgot to lock her door, and Mr. Fox slipped in and hid behind it.

Soon Little Red Hen went in with her sticks.





She locked the door and put the key in her pocket.

When she saw Mr. Fox, she dropped the sticks;

She flew to the big beam just under the roof.  
Mr. Fox jumped up and tried to get her but he could not do it.

“Oh!” said Mr. Fox, “I’ll soon bring you down.”

He began to whirl round and round after his big bushy tail.

Little Red Hen looked at him;

She got so dizzy she fell off the beam.

Mr. Fox caught her and put her in his bag, and started for home.

Soon Mr. Fox sat down to rest and went to sleep.

thought  
st o ne  
watch ing

pock et  
st ar t ed  
held

jump ed  
heavy  
s t r ing

## PART TWO.

Little Red Hen had a bright thought.

She took her little scissors from her pocket.

She snipped a little hole in the bag and jumped out.

She put a big stone into the bag, then ran home as fast as she could run.

Mr. Fox waked up and started home with the bag over his shoulder.

"My! how heavy Little Red Hen is," he said,

"What a fine supper we shall have!"

His mother was watching for him.

"O mother," he said, "Is the pot boiling? I have Little Red Hen at last. Lift the lid and let me put her in."

He untied the string, opened the bag, and held it over the boiling pot.

Out dropped the big stone!

---

Splash! splash! went the water all over Mr  
Fox and his mother.

How it did burn!

Little Red Hen lived safe in her little house  
in the wood ever after.



near	together	woman
ginger bread	road	just

## THE GINGERBREAD MAN.

Once there was a little old woman,  
And once there was a little old man.  
They lived together in a little old house  
near a wood.

One morning the little old woman was  
making gingerbread cakes.

She cut one cake to look just like a little  
man.

She put the cake into the oven to bake.

After a while the little old woman opened  
the oven door to look at her cakes.

Out jumped the little gingerbread man!

He ran out of the house and down the road  
as fast as he could go.

He ran on and on.



The little old woman and the little old man ran after him but they could not catch him.

The little gingerbread man ran away and away down the road.

Soon he came to a big red cow.

He said, "I have run away from a little old woman and a little old man. I can run away from you. I can, and I can.

Then the cow ran after him but she could not catch him.

The little gingerbread man ran away and away down the road.

Soon he came to some pretty white sheep.

He said, "I have run away from



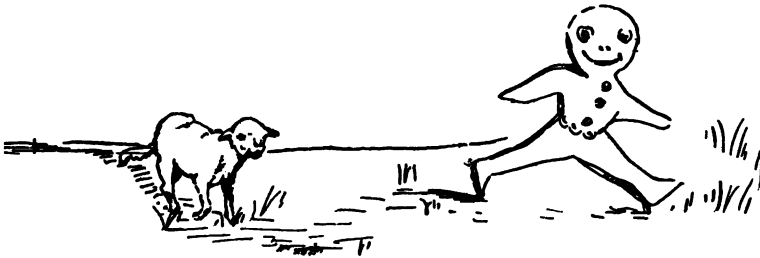
a little old woman,  
a little old man,  
a big red cow,  
and I can run away from you,  
I can, and I can."

Then the pretty white sheep ran after him,  
but they could not catch him.

The little gingerbread man ran away and  
away down the road.

Soon he came to some men who were  
mowing.

He said, "I have run away from  
a little old woman,  
a little old man,



a big red cow,  
some pretty white sheep,  
and I can run away from you,  
I can, and I can."

Then the men who were mowing ran after  
him, but they could not catch him.

The little gingerbread man ran away and  
away down the road.

Soon he came to some boys who were  
playing.

He said, "I have run away from  
a little old woman,  
a little old man,  
a big red cow,  
some pretty white sheep,  
some men who were mowing,  
and I can run away from you,  
I can, and I can."

Then the boys who were playing ran after  
him but they could not catch him.

The little gingerbread man ran away and  
away down the road.

Soon he came to a black pig.

He said, "I have run away from  
a little old woman,  
a little old man,  
a big red cow,  
some pretty white sheep,  
some men who were mowing,  
some boys who were playing,  
and I can run away from you,  
I can, and I can."

Then the black pig ran after him, but could  
not catch him.

The gingerbread man ran away and away  
down the road.

Soon he came to a sly old fox.

He said to Mr. Fox, "I have run away from  
a little old woman,  
a little old man,



a big red cow,  
some pretty white sheep,  
some men who were mowing,  
some boys who were playing,  
a black pig,  
and I can run away from you,  
I can, and I can."

Now a fox can run very fast.

On and on ran the fox after the gingerbread  
man.

At last they came to a river.

The fox was very near.

"Jump on my tail," he said, "I will carry you  
over."

So the gingerbread man jumped up on the  
fox's tail.

The fox swam into the river.

He swam a little way, then he said,

"The water is getting deeper,  
Jump on my back."

The gingerbread man jumped up on the fox's back.

The fox swam a little farther, then said,  
"The water is getting deeper and deeper.  
Jump on my head."

And the gingerbread man jumped on the fox's head

The fox swam a little farther. then he said,  
"The water is getting very deep. Jump  
on my nose."

And the gingerbread man jumped on the fox's nose.

Just then the fox reached the other bank.  
Sly old Mr. Fox opened his mouth wide and  
in went the gingerbread man!

"Oh, oh!" he cried, "I am a quarter gone!"

"Oh, oh! I am half gone!"

"Oh, oh! I am three quarters gone!"

"Oh, oh! I am all gone!"

And he never spoke again.

## SING HO, FOR THE GINGERBREAD MAN.

Humpty, dumpty, dickery, dan,  
Sing hey, sing ho, for the gingerbread man.  
With his smile so sweet, and his form so neat,  
And his gingerbread shoes on his ginger-  
bread feet.

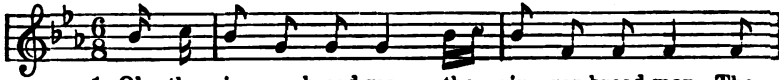
His eyes are two currants, so round and  
black,  
He's baked in a pan, lying flat on his back;  
He comes from the oven so glossy and brown,  
The loveliest gingerbread man in town.

And why is his gingerbread smile so sweet?  
And why is his gingerbread form so neat?  
And why has he shoes on his gingerbread  
feet?

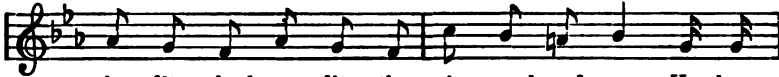
Because—he is made for my Teddy to eat.

—*Outlook*

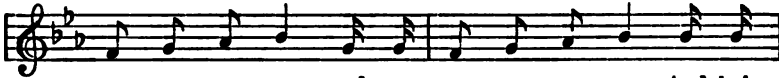
## OH, THE GINGER-BREAD MAN.



1. Oh, the gin - ger-bread man, the gin - ger-bread man, The  
2. Oh, the gin - ger-bread man, the gin - ger-bread man, The



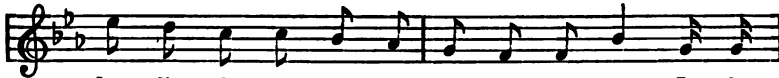
nice lit - tle, brown lit - tle gin - ger-bread man; He has  
poor lit - tle, sad lit - tle gin - ger-bread man; For he



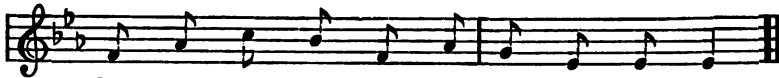
sug - a - ry eyes and a sug - a - ry nose, And he's  
lost both his arms, and he lost both his feet, And he



sweet from his crown to his sug - a - ry toes, Is the  
lost his poor head, it was so good to eat, And his



dear lit - tle, queer lit - tle gin - ger-bread man, Is the  
lit - tle vest - but - tons, un - com - mon - ly sweet; Oh, the



dear lit - tle, queer lit - tle gin - ger - bread man.  
poor lit - tle, dear lit - tle gin - ger - bread man.

*Music by F. W. Westhoff.*

which            any where            hot            tired

## LITTLE BO-PEEP AND HER SHEEP.

There was once a little girl named Bo-peep.  
Bo-peep had some pretty white sheep which  
she liked very much.

They were good sheep, but they did like to  
run away and get into the meadow.

One hot summer day little Bo-peep was very  
tired, so she sat down under a big tree  
to rest.

The sheep were eating grass near by.

Soon little Bo-peep fell fast asleep

“And dreamt she heard them bleating,  
But when she awoke she found it a joke”  
for she could not find her sheep any  
where.

She looked and looked for them.

She called them but they did not come.

She ran to the meadow but they were not there.

Poor little Bo-peep! she did not know what to do.

She sat down under the big tree and began to cry.

What if the sheep should go to the wood!  
The big gray wolf would find them and eat them, too! O dear! O dear!

While she sat there crying, Little Jack Horner came running by.

"Why, Bo-peep, what is the matter?

Why are you crying?" said he.

"Oh! I've lost my sheep and can't tell where to find them," said poor little Bo-peep.

"O don't cry, I'll soon find them for you."

So he put down his Christmas pie and ran off to the meadow.

Soon he came back.

"I could not find them anywhere. I am so sorry, Bo-peep, I will cry, too."

So Jack Horner sat down and began to cry  
While they were crying, Old Mother Hubbard and her dog came running by.

"Why, Jack Horner, what is the matter? Why are you crying?" said Old Mother Hubbard.

"Oh! I am crying because Bo-peep is crying. Bo-peep is crying because she has lost her sheep and can't tell where to find them," said Little Jack Horner.

"O don't cry, my dog and I will soon find them for you."

So Old Mother Hubbard and the dog ran away to find the sheep.

Rover ran here; Rover ran there;

He barked and barked; he could not find the sheep.

He could not even find a bone.

Soon Old Mother Hubbard and the dog came back. They were very hot and tired.

They sat down under the big tree and began to cry, too.

While they were crying Jack and Jill came running by.

"What is the matter Old Mother Hubbard? Why are you crying?" they said.

"Oh! I am crying because Jack Horner is crying.

Jack Horner is crying because Bo-peep is crying.

Bo-peep is crying because she has lost her sheep and can't tell where to find them."

"O don't cry, we will find them for you."

So Jack and Jill dropped their pail and ran up the hill.



Then they ran to the meadow.

But they could not find the sheep.

Soon they came back and sat down under  
the big tree and began to cry, too.

While they were crying Little Miss Muffet  
came running by.

“Why, Jack and Jill! What is the matter?  
Why are you crying?” she said.

“We are crying because Old Mother Hubbard  
is crying.

Old Mother Hubbard is crying because  
Jack Horner is crying.

Jack Horner is crying because Bo-peep is  
crying.

Bo-peep is crying because she has lost her  
sheep and can't tell where to find  
them,” said Jack and Jill.

“O don't cry, I will find them for you.”

So Little Miss Muffet ran off to the meadow  
to find the sheep.

She looked and looked for them but she  
could not find anything but a big black  
spider.

Soon she came back, so hot and tired that  
she sat down under the big tree and  
began to cry, too.

While she was crying Little Boy Blue came  
running by.

“Why, Little Miss Muffet, what is the matter?  
Why are you crying?” he asked.

“I am crying because Jack and Jill are crying.  
Jack and Jill are crying because Old Mother  
Hubbard is crying.

Old Mother Hubbard is crying because Jack  
Horner is crying.

Jack Horner is crying because Bo-peep is  
crying.

Bopeep is crying because she has lost her  
sheep and can't tell where to find them,"  
said Little Miss Muffet.

"O don't cry, I'll soon find them for you.  
I'll blow my little blue horn and they  
will come home," said Little Boy Blue.  
Little Boy Blue ran up the hill. Then he  
ran to the meadow.

They could hear him blowing his little blue  
horn. He blew and blew.

At last Bo-peep said, "Look, look, there is  
one sheep.

Oh, there is another!

Oh, oh, there they all are!"

And Bo-peep ran out to meet them.

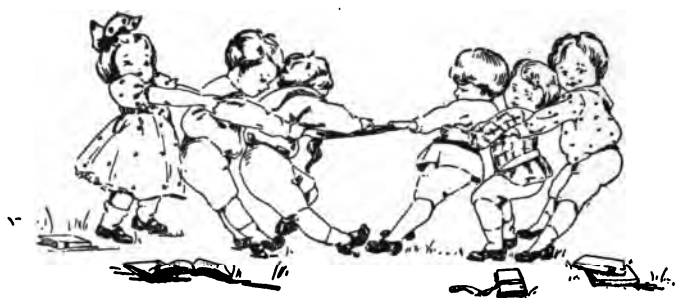
"O you naughty sheep,  
Where have you been?"

"We've been to the meadow,  
And we've been in the corn,

But Little Boy Blue found us and we had to run home."

"Thank you, Boy Blue. I am glad you found my pretty white sheep," said Bopeep.





1

2

3

4

5



